THE Duke of Buckingham His GRACE's LETTER, TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF A PAPER, ENTITULED,

A Short Answer to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham's *Paper, concerning* Religion, Toleration, *and* Liberty of Conscience.

My Nameless, Angry, Harmless, Humble Servant;

Have twice Read over, with a great deal of Patience, a Paper of yours which you call an Answer to a Discourse of Mine; And, to my confusion, must own, That I am not able to comprehend what part of my Discourse it is you do Answer; nor in all yours, what

it is you mean: But in this you are even with Me; for I perceive you do as little underſtand any part of what I have Written, though I thought it had been in ſo plain a Stile, that a Child of Six Years old, might very well have done it. Yet I do not take ill from you this Art you have of miſunderſtanding plain things, ſince you have done the ſame in his Majeſty's Promiſe to the Church of *England*. The true meaning of which, (without this miſunderſtanding Art of yours) would eaſily have appeared to be, That He would not ſuffer any body to injure the Church of *England*, but he did not promiſe, That He would have the Church of *England* Perſecute every Body elſe.

Having confeſſed, That I cannot underſtand your Writing; you ought not to be offended at Me, if I cannot remember it neither. And yet there is one paſſage in it which I ſhall never forget; becauſe it does in a moſt extraordinary manner delight Me: It is this ſhrewd convincing Argument of yours, which you ſay, *Had you been to treat with Atheiſts, you would have urged to them; That it is impoſſible, this world ſhould be Eternal, becauſe then it muſt alſo be Inviſible.* It is, I ſwear, a refined, quaint kind of Notion; which (to do you Juſtice) I do verily believe, is entirely your own: yet for all this I cannot

be

be abſolutely convinced, That I am now the ſame *George* Duke of *Buckingham*, which I was Forty Years ago: And to ſhew you I am in earneſt, I do here promiſe you, That if you will do for me a favor leſs difficult, which is, To make Me the ſame *George* Duke of *Buckingham* I was but Twenty Years ago, I will (as poor a Man as I am) give you a Thouſand Guinneys for your pains; and that is ſomewhat more, I am afraid, than you will ever get by your Writing.

You have done Me the honour to call your ſelf my Humble Servant, and therefore in Gratitude, I ſhall offer you an Advice, which I am confident, upon ſecond thoughts, you will not find to be altogether unreaſonable: That hereafter, before you take upon you to write *French*, you will be pleaſed to learn the Language: For the Word *Opinionatrê*, which you are ſo infinitely charmed with in your Paper, has the misfortune to be no *French* Word: The true *French* Word, which I ſuppoſe you would have uſed, is *Opiniatreté*; and yet I proteſt, I do not ſee how (though you had Written it right) it would have much more graced your Diſcourſe, than if it had been expreſſed in *Engliſh*. Stick therefore to your *Engliſh* Metaphors, at which you are admirable; and be always careful of not turning (according

to

to your own Words) *The Wine of Hopes, into the Vinegar of Deſpair*; and then you cannot fail of being ſufficiently applauded by every body, as you are by your Grateful Friend,

BUCKINGHAM.

FINIS.

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